At the Last Moment.

By C. EDWARDES.

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CHAPTER I.

at the Lake Side Hotel would take him for a Russian. He was dressed as much a l'anglaise as Bond street could manage, and more than that no man need wish for. The barber only the other day had been begged to trim his hair quite in the common mode of the country-a very needless request, as the worthy fellow knew nothing about con-

tinental "cuts." During the excursion to Coniston, on the coach with the scarlet-coated driver and the sparkling team, Boris had been most scrupulously conventional. When the scenery was picturesque and the sunshine was particularly agreeable, he had exclaimed. "Lovely!" and "How pleasant!" to his neighbor, precisely like the stout lady in front of him. And in his manner of eating at the Coniston luncheon table and in strolling around lazily afterwards, with his hands thrust into his trouser pockets and his chest well expanded, he felt sure he resembled to a nicety several other ordinary gentlemen of the party who appeared to have not a care upon their souls.

His neighbor on the coach had, by sweet chance, happened to be quite a pretty young lady; reserved at first, like the conventional English "miss," but with charming qualities under the somewhat thick cloak of self-

He had seen her sketching on the lawn of the Bowness Hotel; so engrossed in her work too. Her graceful head appealed to Boris, whose heart was not wholly given up to his anxieties. And the balanced swing of her movements as she returned to the hotel, when she had done with the landscape, telling of perfect bodily health and development, still further appealed to him. But he had not presumed to address her until accident placed them side by side in the June sunshine for two gay hours.

Then, however, he put his fears away, or tried to, and when they had conversed with some energy about the beauty of the trict, and become, as he believed, suffiforth his card case (a simple English article) and, with just a touch of British awkwardness, inquired if he might have the pleasure of offering her an introduction to himself. "One is better with a name," he added;

"Is it not so?" The young lady blushed slightly. She accepted the card, however, glanced at the words "Mr. Donald Brown," in old English type, and readily found her own paste-

with great deliberateness. "You have as ders, and something of the lingering glory beautiful a name, miss, as these beautiful in the sky touched her face. mountains and little lakes."

who sat next to him, and whispered to her | and felt reckless. that there was some lovemaking in their By and by, perhaps-.

Even thus early the vision of happiness that might yet be his rose in his mind, replied, kindly, too, as if she welcomed his fairer than all these fairy scenes of Westmorland and Lancashire. A quiet little with fresh English faces and blue eyes! | the boat. On the door and the gate the words "Mr. Donald Brown" should be done large, so he would devote this warm (alas! too warm) lady.

heart of his! Of course, Boris did not presume to assoclate Miss Emily Green with this vision. Still, as a type of what he yearned for (God only knows how he yearned!) this pretty neighbor was there by his side.

said to him while they were descending that matchless road into Coniston, with the woods on either hand.

"Oh, yes, certainly, London, Miss Green," he replied. Her eyes were gray and she had quite a one ought not to miss Grasmere." "bonbon" of a nose and small arched lips.

what of that? They were the eyes of a true woman; one who would die for duty. With portion. Though only thirty, Boris had lived | himself. stormily; and even now the thunderbolt with over his head.

But at Coniston he was gay; whistled and smoked and smiled at the sunshine. Only the crowsfeet of anxiety to his face. That | all-is there?" was when a gentleman whom he had not with the air of a man in quest of someone. Coniston for the precipices of Dow Craig.

said the waiter, amiably. "It is true, my friend," rejoined Boris,

much relieved. On the return journey he hoped again to be near Miss Emily Green. That privilege was, of course, his, since they both again face. traveled on the coach. But they were not side by side. The lady was two rows behind

Somehow-he did not care to think whythough the evening was as lovely as the day, and the shadows and reddening lights on Esthwaite Water were a far more wingarishness of noon, sadness and doubts oppressed the Russian all the way back to Bowness. The conductor tootled his horn, and there were frequent bursts of laughter from the other tourists; but Boris was not cheerfully influenced by these cheerful sounds. He drew his cloak tightly about him, as if to strangle the gloom that possessed him like an atmosphere, and he smoked cigars. It was with a shudder that at length he descended from the coach and, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, fled to his room in the hotel.

"God help me!" he muttered, when he had locked himself in. There was a dew on his forehead, for which the heat was not accountable. He peered under his bed and in the walnut-wood wardrobe by the wall, holding a tiny revolver ready cocked. Only afterwards did he throw himself on the neat white counterpane, and with a deep sigh stretch himself out as if he were inexpressibly weary.

Yet a little later at dinner he was just the spruce, tranquil, unobtrusive man of the world he had with some success striven to appear these eleven or twelve weeks past. The new arrivals by the evening train and the lake steamers satisfied him. He confidently believed he had nothing to fear from

Here, too, was Miss Emily Green again; balm for his agonized soul. Her coolness and composure were like a fan to his suffocating terrors. Their eyes had met, and, though it was nothing more than that, it sufficed. She did not even glance towards him a second time, but Boris watched her.

and not had time for poetry.

sation with the white-haired gentleman next Boris Petoff really flattered himself that him. And now and again she smiled at the no one of the very varied crowd of tourists | noisy children with the very large appetites who sat opposite her, and who, in the opinion of others as well as Boris, ought to have

> been sent to bed half an hour ago. "Three days more and I am safe." The words whispered themselves within him. He poured out a glass of Margaux and drank to the quick passage of those terrible seventy-five hours. And then he assented with grace and some enthusiasm to the casual inquiry if he did not think the lakes were getting quite spoiled by the in-

> vasion of excursion trains. "I am told, sir, there were five specials today, and you can see for yourself the class of people they spill so recklessly into this beautiful sylvan spot. One of them jostled me by the church just now. He was drunk, sir, dead drunk."

face: "It is an infamy." "You are French, sir," said the other, "and I ask you how you would like it if -. ' But Boris hastily denied the charge.

To which Boris replied, with a concerned

from London. Indeed, I am not French." "Well," was the rejoluder, after a moment's hesitation, during which the Russian was closely scrutinized, "it doesn't matter what you are. I'm glad you agree with

"And," thought Boris, "it doesn't matter what you think of me, for it is as plain as my own peril that you are only a simple John Bull who has dragged himself away from his money counters to grumble among strangers just as you are accustomed to grumble in your home.'

After his bottle of Margaux, Boris felt braver. He decided that, for once, he would not, that evening, retire to his room immediately after dinner. These early hours of the night melted too much of the manhood out of him. It would be better-oh, yes, far better-for his nerves to mix with the others on the margin of the lake and watch the young men take their sweethearts alone on the water. He would sit in one of the garden seats and be absorbed in guson. the gold and crimson of the sky above those little black-headed hills called the Langdale do without risk and with advantage to his state of health. For the Margaux was of a good year and exhilarated the blood in his veins. And so he hummed a street-organ tune, like one of the others, and stepped out confidently upon the grass.

But his plans now changed all at once, for there, by herself, with a book, on a seat half turned to the hotel and the other half to the boats, was Miss Emily Green. "Miss Emily Green!" said the Russian, She had a dull red shawl over her shoul-

"I shall make a little love to the charm-Boris's other neighbor, a Manchester mer- ing English miss," he said to himself; and ing. chant, hearing this remark, nudged his wife, in the strength of the Margaux he smiled

Then, having approached the girl, who vicinity. But Boris had no idea of such a had put her book aside, for the light was thing. He meant to be complimentary only | weakening, he first asked pardon for interin moderation at first, in the English way. rupting her and then inquired if she were fatigued by the day's pleasuring.

"Not in the very least, Mr. Brown," she

They commented almost in unison on the English home, a red house with pointed darkness of the woods upon the western tops and a cozy garden around it, with a shore of the lake and laughed together when of a cigar." gate all to itself, and a lock on it, and two, a restless maiden in a skiff screamed aloud or even three, white-capped maid servants | because the young man, her escort, tilted

"One is happy like this. Oh, yes, I could live here always," said Boris, impulsively, that there could be no mistake about his | fingering an end of his small mustache in individuality. And inside the snug little exact imitation of another young man a shoulders. villa an adorable English wife, to whom few yards distant, also talking to a young

> "Mr. Brown?" suggested Miss Emily Green. "You are fortunate to be able to "Oh, I do not think that."

His eyebrows lifted, his lips twitched and for a dismal second the crow's-feet all as-"I suppose you live in London?" she had sembled about his eyes. "You do not know," he added, with

melancholy smile. "I go to Grasmere to-morrow," said Miss Emily Green. "The Wordsworth Hotel there is very comfortable, and, of course,

"Well, now, that is very strange, but Boris, led by his vigorous imagination, had also had intention to do the same thing. little doubt that she was as good as she was | wonder should I be inconvenient to find pretty. If her eyes were calm and critical, myself there at the same time with you,

It was the Margaux's fault. Also, a little, such a helpmeet, the old happiness he had Miss Emily Green's fascinating face. in his youth hoped for might yet be his Hardly had he spoken ere Boris recollected

"There are times," he hastened to exwhich he had been menaced might be poised plain, "when I do find myself talking as if I were a foreign man. You do not think I

am not English, Miss Green?" "There is no reason," she answered with once did he half shut his eyes and summon | a smile, "why I should think about it at

It had happened before. Wine or someseen before stepped onto the hotel lawn, thing else had banished his discretion, and he had briefly lived to the very toe-tips like The alarm left him, however, when he had a man who had nothing to fear, and to whom the world was just an enchanting man was Irish and a famous rock-climber- | plum cake, out of which he was at liberty nothing more. He had, it seemed, come to to carve as large a slice as he could. But even as on other occasions, he had quickly "Folks do have such queer tastes, sir!" atoned in bitterness and fear for his thoughtlessness, so now, too, remembering all things, he made haste back to his room. "I have the honor to wish you 'good night,' miss," he said, measuredly, and the dwindling light increased the pallor of his

> The girl responded with less formality, it," she remarked just before leaving him. and with no show of surprise at his abruptness. Then he lifted his hat and slunk indoors, holding his breath, and with set, strained eyes. For the old horrors of expectation were again, in a sudden, upon him. and by no effort of will could he subdue them. He ran to his room, startled the chambermaid who chanced to be there, by shricking in her face, and then, once more locked in, he sat gasping, as if his heart | both sides. had little power of life left in it.

CHAPTER II. When Boris came to Grasmere the fol lowing day and saw how the mountains embraced the little valley a great joy seized

"Here I am safe!" he cried within him. "Who shall find me in a retreat like this?

It is as if the arms of the Almighty himself were about me, to protect me. "There is only one room vacant," they told him at the hotel-"a double-bedded

"I shall take it and pay for the two beds.

stay here," he said exultantly. He was happy for the remainder of that hot." day, until the evening, when the crimsoned wisps of cloud began to drift over the recess from the Langdale Pikes, and a stillness that could be felt pervaded the place. Miss Green had strolled with him to the churchyard before luncheon, "v.ordsworth" in hand. Otherwise he had not seen much of

"that you appreciate the Lake District poets," and then, at the porch of the church, without a smile, she had whispered a li from the "Excursion:"

"Green is the churchyard, beautiful and

On Saturday I shall buy the poems and become a changed man. Oh, yes, Miss Green, I mean 'it."

"Not before Saturday, Mr. Brown?" "Ah, you are curious," he said, with faint smile. "But it is so. It is my secret." We all have our little secrets. On Saturday

we shall see." There was an agreeable young Scotch doctor in the hotel. Boris made his acquaintance at the dinner table. Dr. Ferguson, whose hobby in his profession and outside it was the study of physiognomy, was attracted by the Russian's face. The two became so sympathetic that afterwards and entire courage; but not before, for they strolled together on the gravel walks of the garden, smoked and talked. There was a moon above the shoulder of Helvellyn, and no wind. A more peaceful

scene was scarcely to be imagined. For an hour Boris was like any other man. Then, as they were passing a decrepit yew tree set by the edge of the lawn, he fancied he saw a human form on the farther side of the trunk of the tree. He stopped instantly and darted backwards. livid, with his eyeballs protruded.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the other, astonished. "Is there not a person there-behind?" Boris stammered, grasping his little

weapon. Dr. Ferguson walked round the tree, and met the Russian's gaze smiling.

"Not a soul," he said. "But, excuse me, I see you are subject to hallucinations. Between ourselves, I think you would be bet-"Oh, no. You are in error, sir. I am ter at a more bracing place than this. Scarborough would suit you down to the ground, I expect."

Boris sighed "I think perhaps you are right," he replied, drearily, hanging his head. He was often ashamed of these attacks of cow-

The young doctor was more interested than ever in this foreigner, who seemed so anxious not to obtrude his foreign origin. He had read terror in Boris's face, and also espied the revolver, though this had afterwards been put out of sight subtly enough. "You will have gathered that I am a medical man," he said. "If there is anything I can do-"

His tone touched the Russian's heart. "I thank you very much," said Boris, holding out his hand. "You speak like a

"And as a friend, let me advise you, then, to go to bed at once. To-morrow you shall

Boris hesitated. He felt a keen longing pikes. All this he could, he really believed, help him through the end of his awful term of suspense. But he was throbbing all over, and could not trust himself even to be fitly

"To-morrow, perhaps," he murmured. He pressed the other's hand and glided furtively towards the hotel entrance. Ferguson was still wondering about the

Russian, when he perceived a young lady with a sketching stool and a portfolio come round from the side of the hotel with the French windows, and stand looking about her-at the moon and the hills on either hand. He identified her as yet another visitor who had seemed to him worth study-

"Surely the girl doesn't mean to sit out on the wet grass at this time of night!" he exclaimed.

But that was, it seemed, exactly her intention. Miss Emily Green placed her stool in the thick of the dew, pulled her shawl about her shoulders and sat down-not ten paces from the young doctor. Looking towards him before setting to work, she saw him throw away his half-smoked cigar. "Please," she said brightly, "don't stop

smoking on my account. I love the perfume Her manner seemed to invite him to reply. He approached her and made bold to tell her he thought she would catch a cold if she stayed where she was. "Good gracious! And you have not even got rubber shoes

on!" he remarked, with a shrug of his She had slightly lifted one of her feet, as if to show him how daring she was. It was a tiny foot, in a common, high-heeled drawing-room shoe. She laughed musically. Evi-

dently she meant to shock him. "Well, I expect you are right," she then said, shivering prettily; and, rising, she gathered her things together to go in again. "Walk up and down a bit on the gravel first." Ferguson suggested, "and allow me

to carry your stool into the hall." She was quite coquettish in her manner. "I'm so sorry to trouble you," she exclaimed, earnestly, when he reappeared. "I expect you are tired of tramping about on these stones, so please don't think it necessary to keep me company, though I am rather a gregarious person as a rule. I saw you with that foreign gentleman. Between you, you must have walked about five miles

on this gravel since dinner." Ferguson assured her he should enjoy the exercise. Then, feeling under no restraint not to speak freely about the stranger, he told Miss Green about Boris's eccentric

"The man carries a pistol and is frightened by a shadow." he said. Miss Green showed alarm and interest.

"How fearfully romantic!" she murmured. "And I do believe my room is nearly opposite to his-in the very same corridor. You have made me feel so nervous." Whereupon the young doctor set himself

zealously to console Miss Green. "I'll keep my eye on him, I promise you," he said. "As a rule, it's just these people with pistols always in their pockets who

never fire them." Miss Green professed to be much comforted by this news. She said she would rely on Mr. Ferguson's protection, and when they parted for the night they were. apparently, on terms of very pleasant inti-

"Oh, I shall lock my door, depend upon "After what you have told me, I should not

The next day Boris passed alone on the mountain side of Grasmere. He chose an isolated small knoll of rock, and there he lay thinking and alternately rejoicing and telling himself it was still premature to rejoice. Every now and then he sat up and scrutinized the heathery hill above him or

It was a hot summer day, and the lake shone like a silver plate in the valley beneath him. He had brought his luncheon with him and ate it among the rocks. Once | fully. he felt so happy that he began to sing in a low voice, but he soon suppressed the im-

Yet again, however, with the waning of the day, his old distress returned. Dr. Ferguson met him running hard down the lane by Allan Bank, quite half an hour be-"Ah, how I am glad to see you!" said

Boris, clasping the doctor's hand. "I was wondering how you were getting on. I see you have made yourself rather

"Hot!" ejaculated Boris. "It is here I am hot, and cold also." He tapped his heart. "Well, you know," said Dr. Ferguson, lightly, "if you really feel that it would relieve you, pray tell me what it is all about. A medical man is, of course, the repository

Then Boris paused, took Dr. Ferguson by "I hope," she had said, quite gravely, the shoulders and looked into his face. The scrutiny satisfied him.

"I will tell you," he said, softly. "It is ne this. I am a condemned man. Five years since I joined an association-I do not say where. It was a foolishness-ah, my God, how great a foolishness! But I was conduct-Boris hastened to regret that hitherto he led by another, with much influence over me. I do not tell you, besides, what was How pleasantly she entered into conver- it all after Friday. To-day is Wednesday. haps guess. It was against the law of my les Juifs, Vive l'armee, N'achetez rien aux

country, naturally; but that I do not con- Juifs, etc., souvenirs of the tumult of a litsider. And I shall only inform you, sir, that there were things in March that made me resolved to sever myself from the others. I humbled myself and asked to be free. It is then that I receive a letter telling me ! have three months to live, no more, and that I may run for my life. I am the hare and the dogs are after me. And I have had good fortune so far, the time is nearly at an end. I think in my heart I have escaped, and that I am not followed here. But consider, sir, that I can know nothing for truth, and you OUT OF THE ORDINARY. will excuse me for my agitation. After tomorrow night I shall walk with a high head

know how terrible they are when they are angry or do suspect. In few words, sir, that is my history. Help me if you can." The pleading in the Russian's dark eyes

man's story. "I will help you in any way possible," he said. "One is not used to such adventures in England, and I can hardly grasp your situation. But Dick Ferguson is on your side, right or wrong. I hate these secret societies, root and branch."

touched Dr. Ferguson quite as much as the

The two men returned to the hotel, armin-arm, sworn allies. A minute or two afterwards Miss Emily Green entered the

"Did you not see me?" she asked the Russian. "I have made the most lovely sketches from Silver How, not far from where you were lying so lazily for hours and

"Ah, Miss Green, if I had known only that you were so near!" said Boris, smiling. He then bowed himself up the stairs.

"Miss Green," said the young doctor, when they were alone, "I gave you a wrong impression of that poor fellow. He is as sane as I am, but fears assassination; with some reason, too, I judge. I will tell you about it later on, if you like."

"I should most certainly like," the girl answered, eagerly. "Who in the world would have thought of such a thing?" Boris sat by Dr. Ferguson at dinner, and again drank much wine to fortify his spirits.

he had just been given his dismissal from the hotel. "It seems a large party are coming tomorrow, and my room is wanted. It's a nulsance, of course, but it cannot be

Quite early in the meal, the doctor told him

helped." Boris's crowsfeet all assembled about his eyes before he replied. Then he said: "My room. I do not ask you to take it. Still, I would trust myself with you, and you may like to do so."

"Agreed." said Ferguson, briskly, looking Boris in the eyes. "With two of us, your letter-writing worthies won't have it all their own way if they try any tricks." Boris winced at these words, but it was settled. The fateful night of all, he would at any rate have a friend at hand if neces-

Dinner over, the Russian went to his room. The nearer the time of his doom or freedom the sharper the attacks of agitation that came to him.

"To-morrow also," he whispered to the doctor, "I think I am ill. I repose in bed, for example; you understand?"

Ferguson was thus left to enjoy Miss Green's society at his leisure. Together they strolled up the Keswick road in the cool of the evening, and by the way he told the girl more about Boris. She listened, seemed shocked and said at length:

"You both appear to me rather imprudent men; but I daresay he has invented it all." "I daresay he has," Ferguson replied, with a laugh, "and so we will talk no more about it."

On the Saturday morning the young doctor's portmanteau was transferred to the Russian's room. Boris stayed in bed, as he had said he should. There was a timepiece on the mantel, and he was gazing at it earnestly when Ferguson came in. "I count the hours," he said. "There are thirteen more-only thirteen."

"My dear fellow," said Ferguson, gayly, "you may set your mind at ease, I warrant. Keep the door locked by all means if you like, since there is another key for me. But I wager you five pounds that this time tomorrow you are joking about your past troubles. Will you take that wager?" "Yes, I will take it, my friend."

"You are the kind of patient I like," said Ferguson. He went away laughing and locked the door behind him. Then, until the evening, Boris lay day-

dreaming, disturbed only by the waiter who brought him his meals. Miss Emily Green seemed amused when Dr. Ferguson told her what was happening. She stayed in the hotel garden all day, reading; pleaded a stiff ankle when the doctor proposed a walk, and said she was tired. Only when Ferguson told her that he meant to play sentinel in his and Boris's room from after dinner until midnight, "for the

joke of the thing," did she seem a little dis-"Then you mean to desert me altogether?" she asked, plaintively. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Miss

Green," he said, won by her eyes; "I'll get him off to sleep and then leave him." The two men smoked their cigars in the Palace and pyramid, the brimming tide bedroom. But the doctor resolved also to | Of lavish Nile washed all his land with gold. spend another pleasant hour with Miss Green. He thought she was alone on the lawn, and he hoped she was expecting him. However, she was in fact in her own room, having gone upstairs immediately after Dr

Ferguson. Boris felt sleepy about 9 o'clock. This, too, in spite of his excitement. His last words before dropping off were: "To-mor-

row, my friend!" He spoke like one in ecstasy. "Yes, to-morrow you pay me five pounds," said Ferguson.

"Oh, how I hope it!" "And I also!" Ten minutes later the doctor stole out locking the door behind him, and disappeared down the corridor. His steps were still echoing dully on the carpeted boards

when Miss Emily Green's face showed at her door. Then she glided across to Boris's door, opened it quietly with another key and entered; only to reappear in about ten seconds, relock the door and descend the Ferguson was looking for her on one side

of the hotel. He found her on the other, sitting in the twilight, with her head meditatively in her hand. "Asleep, Miss Green?" he asked, play-

"Not nearly asleep, Dr. Ferguson, but very glad to see you. I have had enough of loneliness." It was past 10 when they separated for

the night. Miss Green going first to ber

room. Ferguson smoked one more cigarette. Then he, too, took his candle. "My friend, the Russian, is through his climacteric," he said to himself, as he put the key in the lock. "There's a deal of rot talked and believed about secret societies. Shall I wake him or shall I not?" He decided that he would, and therefore

he entered noisily. But Boris Petoff was never more to awakened in this life. He lay on his back with a long, thin dagger transfixing his

Decadence of Paris. Some impressions made on a man of

a recent visit to Paris, after an absence seven years, may be of interest to peop change from the Paris of seven years ago, he writes. "The city wears a shabby look. lected. The affaire Dreyfus still occupies all minds, but the people are jaded and apa-

is hoarsely shouted on the boulevards. Upon one evening I went to see certain cafes on the Boulevard Clichy-the latest spasm of decadency in Paris. Ciel, l'Enier and Cabaret de la Mort-the very names are indicative of their corrupt and degraded characless are the notes of these leprous places, which are better described by word of than on clean paper. And yet these places the Parisian populace, craving something mordant, vitriolic, to stimulate their jaded appetites, come in throngs."

Jacksonville, Fla., has a successful ostrich farm, the only one in the United State Next to opium in power are certain kinds of grasses, notable among which is hemp, which causes intoxication and anasthesia. The productive capacity of the labor-sav-ing machinery of the United States at the

present time is equal to a hand-working population of 400,000,000. The largest watermelon ever raised Georgia has been sent to Stanley Little, of Peekskill, N. Y. It weighed 149% pounds and was raised in Atlanta

The scale upon which the Paris exposition to be constructed is indicated in the fact that the catalogue will cost \$90,000 to print and will contain about 100,000 names. Baldness is far less common among redheaded people than among their darker-haired neighbors. The ordinary crop on the head of a red-haired person is about 29,200

Seventy-five per cent. of the population of Manitou, Col., are invalids and exiles from their homes. Nearly every State and Territory and civilized country in the world is

January and October of the same year always begin with the same day. So do April and July, also September and Decemer. February, March and November also begin with the same day.

In remote parts of Scotland the old Cove-

nanters' love for long services on the bare hillsides still lingers. At Dingwall a recent communion service in the open air lasted from 10 a. m. until 4 p. m. The Osages are probably the richest peo-

ple per capita in the world. Each one of them, man, woman and child, has 900 acres of good land and receives \$50 from the government four times a year. The South Metropolitan Gas Company, of London, have in use in various parts of their system no less than 90,000 penny-in-

the-slot gas meters, which they are in-creasing at the rate of 300 a week. The Outlook gives as one reason for an oversupply of clergymen in any church that eological students are too lazy or too unwilling to undertake any kind of work and that some are unfit for most work. The reason why the Great Salt lake in Utah is growing smaller, according to Prof.

James E. Talmage, is that the volume of

water from its four tributary rivers is be-A relic especially interesting to English Free Churchmen is at present in England, in the shape of Oliver Cromwell's watch. It is the shape and size of a small hen's egg. with an engraving of Worcester on the dial. When a burglar wants to break into a Peruvian house he takes a sponge and a buck-et of water and moistens the walls, which are covered with only a thin coating of mud and easily dissolve upon the application of

moisture. The people of Tyre were such experts in dyeing that Tyrian purple remains unex-celled to this day. The Egyptians were also wonderful dyers, and could produce colors so durable that they may be called im-

connection with the sanitation of the town. According to the engineer it is over three miles long and is intended for transporting the road sweepings to a piece of land nearly In 1883 the average price of a horse was \$74.64; in 1897, \$31.51. In the thirteen years from 1884 to 1897, while the number of horses

Bombay has a railroad which is used in

in the United States had increased by more than 3,000,000, their total value had decreased nearly \$400,000,000. According to a recent official return England during the last ten years has paid off \$355,000,000 of her national debt, and as a matter of rank in the debtor nations has sunk to third place, France and Russia oc-

cupying, respectively, the first two. A little more than fifty years ago a few workmen of Rochdale, England, joined together to purchase a sack of flour and a chest of tea. That was the beginning of a co-operative movement which now includes 1,000 societies, with a total membership of 1,000,000.

It has often been quoted that a grain of nicotine administered all at once would kill the strongest dog. While this statement is undoubtedly true, it is somewhat mislead ing. In order to commit suicide by smoking the dog would have to consume 400 strong clgars one right after the other. Servia appears to take the palm for ongevity. This country is said to have the greatest number of centenarians. There are

575 of them in a population of less than 1,300,000. Iceland has 578, Spain 401, England, Scotland and Wales 192, Germany 78, Norway 23, Sweden 20 and Denmark 2. Drinking glasses called tumblers owe their name to the fact that they are the successors of little round silver bowls, so perfectly balanced that, whichever way they were tipped about on the table, they tumbled into position again, and there remained with the rim upward, as if asking

The great libraries of Peking contain vol umes of books numbered by the hundreds of thousands. In the archives of the government are still to be found the ancient predictions of eclipses made with great accuracy, together with works on astronomy which show a fair knowledge of that in-

A woman of perfect figure should weigh 138 pounds and be five feet five inches tall She should measure five feet five inches from the tip of one middle finger to the tip of the other when the arms are extended. The length of the hand ought to be just one-tenth of this and one-seventh should be the length of the foot.

Gifts. "O World-God, give me wealth!" the Egyptian prayer was granted. High as heaven,

Armies of slaves toiled ant-wise at his feet, World-circling traffic roared through mart and His priests were gods, his spice-balmed kings Set death at naught in rock-ribbed charnels deep.

Seek Pharaoh's race to-day, and ye shall find Rust and the moth, silence and dusty sleep. "O World-God, give me beauty!" cried the His prayer was granted. All the earth became

Plastic and vocal to his sense; each peak, Each grove, each stream, quick with Promethean Peopled the world with imaged grace and light. The lyre was his, and his the breathing might Of the immortal marble, his the play Of diamond-pointed thought and golden tongue, Go seek the sunshine-race, ye find to-day

A broken column and a lute unstrung. "O World-God give me power!"

captive to the chariot of his pride blood of myriad provinces was drained To feed that fierce, insatiable red heart. Invulnerably bulwarked every part With serried legions and with close-meshed code.

Within, the burrowing worm had gnawed its roofless ruin stands where once abode The imperial race of everlasting Rome. "O Godhead, give me truth!" the Hebrew cried.

Of the Idea, a pilgrim far and wide,

His prayer was granted. He became the slave

Cursed, hated, spurned and scourged, with non The Pharachs knew him, and when Greece His wisdom wore the hoary crown of Eld. Beauty he hath forsworn, and wealth and power Seek him to-day, and find in every land. No fire consumes him, neither floods devour, Immortal through the lamp within his hand.

Maine Men's Hotel Bills. When the Maine was destroyed in the

harbor of Havana the officers and men who

escaped death were ordered to Key and told to take quarters at the hotels there pending their assignment to other vessels were assured that the govern would pay their expenses, which, under the circumstances, was a perfectly proper thing. The men had passed through a terrible ordeal and many of them had lost all their personal effects. The most kindly and con siderate treatment was due them. In some instances the stay of the men at Key West hotels occupied several weeks, and their bills amounted to over \$100. They were presented to the Navy Department and were passed, but when they reached the contro er of the treasury they were blocked. The tion in law for the allowance of such bills. The amount of them is now being deducted from the pay of the men, and, naturally, they are displeased. It is an injustice, and one which Congress will probably willingly rectify by providing a special appropriation to reimburse the men

Explained.

DR. HANSLMAIR

THE SPECIALIST

Cures all Nervous Diseases, Weakness, Diseases of the Blood and Skin, and Lingering Diseases Resulting From Violation of the Laws of Health.

Would we have to deal with Father Time and our health like we deal with the cashier in a bank, many, yes, many young men, would have to write out a draft as follows: "In after years I promise to pay to Father Time one-quarter of my lifetime, for living contrary to the laws of nature, through carelessness and ignorance."

And one thing is sure: While for some

reason or another we may not have to pay

the bank, we certainly could never cheat

Father Time out of his pay. Nature is reckon-master which is exact in everything -we can cheat our friends; we can cheat our neighbors; but we never can cheat nature. When it is too late many of comprehend and understand that the cannot grind with the water that has passed. If the mill should go once more, we would have to get more water for it; if our nerve system should last us for our lifetime. we would have to bring back with remedies that which we have wasted in our youth. My life study has been to find a remedy which would in some way bring back that which is needed in such cases-"nerve force." My twenty years of experience have taught me that medicines alone will not do it-yes, we can take a barrel of medicine

and in the end be worse off than in the be-

ginning. My Electro-Vacuum treatment is

the outcome of all my studies, and I know

positively that it will cure the cases that

I make a specialty of-yes, it will cure to

stay cured, where a cure is possible. I make this claim only after having cured thousands of patients in the last few years, and I solicit the most thorough investigation by all those interested in the matter. I have written a little book entitled "The Diseases of Men," which contains the knowledge of my twenty years' experience, and on receipt of 10c postage I will mail the same to youit will give you many facts which you may be interested in. The book contains simply facts, and is written scientifically and must give you instruction, whether sick or well. I know from letters I have received it has been a godsend to hundreds, who have read it with care, and been benefited accordingly.

CONSULTATION FREE. Call or address

DR. HANSLMAIR.

Corner Pennsylvania and Washington Streets,

"Nebraska Colorado

Afternoon Train From

"No, marm."

can't remember.

Leave St. Louis 2:05 p. m. Chicago 1:30 p. m.

Peoria 3:15 p. m. Arrive Denver 6.20 p. m.

HOWARD ELLIOTT. W. M. SHAW. GENERAL MANAGER. St. Louis, Mo.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. The Rift in the Cloud. Boston Traveler. Simpkins-Funny that a woman can never

throw anything straight.

Jenkins-Not funny exactly; rather providential, isn't it?' Had the Price.

Mr. De Fysh-What lovely hair Miss Mrs. De Fysh-Yes. She doesn't have economize in anything. A Poor Alternative. Chicago Record

"Why did you let Smith talk to you

Philadelphia Bulletin.

your way up!

he way down town about his baby?" "I was afraid that if I changed the subject he would get started on baseball." A Chance to Work Up.

Applicant-I'm just out of college, sir, and would like a position as reporter.

Managing Editor—Nonsense! I'll give you a job as editorial writer and let you work

Donated. Catholic Standard. "I don't care what else you may say about Henpeck, he has plenty of mind," said Henpeck's friend. "He should have," replied the caustic

Chicago Tribune.

"What do you expect to do with all your oney?" asked the multi-millionaire's spirtual adviser. "You can't take it with you where you are going answered the multi-"Yes, but I can," millionaire. "I am going to Europe.

The Girl with the Hammer.

Edith-Both Hobart and Harold proposed Ethel-And you refused them both? Edith-Yes; but how did you know? Ethel-Why, I saw them shaking hands over something on the golf links this morn-

Preparing for It. Cleveland Plain Dealer. "My deah boy, you'll surely catch a deuced cold if you sit in the drawft with "That's what I want, don't you know.

sneeze. A Great Bible Student. Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Johnnie's a great Bible student." "Yes. He gets a nickel for every verse

cawn't get the right pronunciation of t deuced Ki-ki-Cantacuzene without

his grandmother is going to give him a new

he learns and a dollar for every book he

Reminded Her.

Brooklyn Life. "Isn't it awe-inspiring," said the youth ith tendencies toward the sublime, think of this earth rushing forever forward on its track, superior to all human direction and beyond all restaint "Yes," answered the fair girl, softly, after a long pause. "It makes me think of my

The Higher Criticism.

Sunday-school Teacher-What did the fin-Boy-You have been weighed in the ance and found wanting. Sunday-school Teacher-And

Boy-I guess he forgot to drop a cent in the machine when he got on! Johnny's Iden. The celebrated soprano was in the middle of her solo when little Johnny said to his mother, referring to the conductor of the

"He is not hitting at her," replied his

"Well, then, what is she hollerin' so for?

A Modern Version. Brooklyn Life.

"And what did Lot say when he saw that his wife had been turned into a pillar of

DIV. PASS. AGT., GEN. PASS, AGT., salt for looking back? Can you tell, Rob-

"Just think for a moment and see if you

L. W. WAKELY.

Robert (tentatively, after a pause)-Rubberneck! THE WICKED FLEA.

Some Ways of Getting Rid of the Pest -Opinions of Experts. New York Tribune. In recent years the examination of many specimens of fleas sent to the Department f Agriculture. Washington, says L. O. Howard, an entomologist, shows that the species which commonly overruns houses during the damp summers, in the Eastern cities, at least, is not, as many have sup-

posed, the human flea, Pulex irritans, but and the cat. Pulex serraticeps. There is widespread ignorance as to the transformations of this insect, and even the average entomologist is puzzled to know where to consult good figures of the differ-

ent stages and a detailed account of the life history. Laboulbene, a French entomologist, gives as his opinion that the larvae of the cat flea for the most part live upon the groun in spots where cats stay, and that they live in the dust in the cracks of the floor. W. J. Simmons, an English expert, found the eggs of the flea upon a cloth on which a dog had been sleeping, in the midst of a dust composed of fragments of cuticle, hairs, fibres and pellets of dried blood. In fifty hours most of the eggs hatched. The cad. "His wife has given him a piece of larvae are described, and the statement made that in seven days they spin their cocoons. They remained in the

cocoons eight days, when the adults

emerged, completing their transformations

The eggs of the flea under consideration

are deposited between the hairs of the in-

fested animal, but are not fastened to them,

so that when the animal moves about or

seventeen days after the eggs were de

lies down numbers of the eggs will be dislodged and drop to the ground or the floor. or wherever the animal may be at the time. An easy way to collect them, therefor is to lay a strip of cloth for the anima to sleep upon, and afterward brush the cloth into a receptacle, in which the eggs will be found in numbers. "That it is not difficult to destroy the fle in its early stages," says Mr. Howard, "is shown by the difficulty we have had in rearing it; but to destroy the adult fleas is another matter. Their extreme activity and great hardiness render any but the most strenuous measures unsuccessful. cases we have tried a number of the the persistent use of California buhach and other pyrethrum powders, and, what seems still stranger, a free sprinkling of floor matting with benzine, were ineffectual in one particular case of extreme infestation In fact, it was not until all the floor mattings had been taken up and the washed down with hot soapsuds that the flea pest abated. In another case, however, we found that a single application of Call-fornia buhach, freely applied, was perfectly successful; and in a third case a single thorough application of benzine also resulted in perfect success. The pyreth reads, and when he has read twenty books application was made in a Brooklyn (N. Y.) Washington home. The frequently recom mended newspaper remedy of placing piece of raw meat in the center of a piece of stick flypaper has been thoroughly tried without the slightest success. As a pe tive measure, however, the plan ade Professor Gage in the McGraw building Cornell University may be worth trying. will be remembered that Professor Gage tied sheets of sticky flypaper, with the sticky side out, around the legs of the jani-tor of the building, who then for several

> hat it reaches the skin. This drives all the fleas to the surface, when a bath in go, warm soapsuds will dispose of the unwe come intruders. When Doctors Thread Needles.

hours walked up and down the floor of the

infested room, with the result that all or

nearly all of the fleas jumped on his ankles as they will always do, and were caught by

Where an animal becomes infested with

fleas, says a dog fancier, rub Persian insect

powder well down into his fur or hair,

Medical Record. To thread a needle hold it with the ri and little fingers of the left hand, instead of with the thumb and forefinger, as is the usual way. This method, according to Dr Joseph M. Jackson, leaves the thumb at foreinger free to grasp the smallest bit ilk or other suture material as it through the eye and pull it to a safe diswith the slipping back, so common in the decreases profanity.

Insure with Indiana Insurance Co., 16 1